



Ellora's Cave  
*Quickies*  
B.J. McCall  
**SLUMBER PARTY INC.**

**SLUMBER PARTY, INC.**

*An Ellora's Cave publication written by*

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**Warning:**

The following material contains strong sexual content meant for mature readers. SLUMBER PARTY, INC. has been rated NC17, erotic, by three individual reviewers. We strongly suggest storing this electronic file in a place where young readers not meant to view this ebook are unlikely to happen upon it. That said, enjoy...

## SLUMBER PARTY, INC.

"Tonight's the night. I can't believe it."

Jane Miller tossed a pair of lacy panties into her overnight bag. "Slumber Party was your idea."

Grinning from ear-to-ear, her best friend poured champagne.

"Oh no, Nina. Don't give me your scheming smile. Not now."

"I don't have a scheming smile."

"You do. You've had it since you were twelve. But now, I have a lot more to lose than my allowance. If Mom knew about this, she'd try to ground me."

"This isn't sneak-a-peek at Billy Adam's penis. This is Dr. Jane Miller, going for it." Grinning, Nina began to bump and grind to music only she could hear. Somewhere between a bump and a grind, she froze. "You're really going to have sex with a complete stranger."

"That wasn't how your friend, Ellen, sold her exclusive service," Jane said, picking up a flute of champagne.

Omigod. *He* is a stranger, a total unknown quantity. Jane had fantasized about *him*, but hadn't laid eyes on him. "I wish Ellen would allow videos and photos."

"Ellen knows what she's doing." Nina picked up Slumber Party's printed rules. "Rule number one. Clients cannot preview, or prejudge, one another prior to the first rendezvous."

"I don't know a thing about him." Jane grimaced. "Nothing except, he wants sex."

"No preconceived ideas."

"You sound like Ellen." Jane locked gazes with her best friend. "You're not Ellen, are you?"

"Like I could hide anything from you."

"Tell me again, is this legal?"

"Slumber Party isn't an escort service. I vouched for you, otherwise she wouldn't have accepted you as a client."

Ellen, the convincing voice on the telephone. *You're not paying me for sex, just the opportunity to meet someone with similar tastes. I provide the time, the place, and the comforts. You must supply the enthusiasm.*

*Think of it as being assigned a roommate. Tours and cruises do it all the time. Weren't you assigned a roomie your freshman year?*

"Who is Ellen? Why is she so mysterious?"

"I wish I knew, I'd kiss her right on the lips for Joe."

"So would I," Jane confessed. "I've never seen you so happy. Joe's great."

Nina's brown eyes narrowed. "Don't even start thinking about Karl. Think about your mystery lover. Ellen has great taste."

Jane definitely didn't want to think about her ex. *Can I do this?*

"I can always back out. There is a clause." Jane gulped the champagne. "I have to show up, but I can change my mind. There are two bedrooms. What the hell am I doing?"

"You're living a fantasy. One you've had for years. He's been checked out. Thoroughly investigated and examined, just as you were."

"If he went through the same physical, I know he's healthy."

"Ellen's thorough. When she matched me with Joe, she hit a bull's-eye."

"What if we don't click?"

"What if you do?"

A thrill of hope and horniness zipped through Jane's middle. She drained her glass.

"You're supposed to sip the champagne in celebration. Not chug it down before you drive."

Jane could use two fingers of scotch. A stiff belt would keep her anxiety at bay, but a three-hour drive to the rendezvous in the redwoods demanded sobriety.

Nina picked up the bottle and poured a small portion of bubbly into Jane's glass. "Just enough for a toast, and stop frowning. You'll get wrinkles."

Despite her anxiety, Jane smiled. Pretty, petite Nina, always pushing Jane to step out of the box. Was this her fantasy or Nina's? Or some odd combination created by the two of them while sharing bottles of wine and boxes of chocolate?

"What if he's the worst blind date?"

The temptation to back out warred with the thrill of fulfilling her midnight dreams, but one night of uninhibited lovemaking with a sexy stranger prodded Jane onward. If a man didn't know you or what you did for a living, if he judged you only as a mutual partner in pleasure, one was totally free to explore one's sexuality completely. Ellen again.

That wicked smile touched Nina's lips. "What if he's handsome, hung, and the fuck of a lifetime?"

Jane lifted her glass. "To sex."

Nina gulped a large portion of her champagne and choked. Jane had to laugh. Nina was as nervous as she was.

"Have you chosen your name?"

"Beginning now, I am officially known as Summer."

Never in her thirty-two years had Jane done anything so outrageous. Studious, cautious, dependable, workaholic, no-nonsense described Jane. But Summer could be sexy, romantic, and uninhibited.

"It's been two years. I hope it's like riding a bike."

Nina laughed. "I hope it's more fun."

"Am I doing the right thing?"

"I've set you up with a dentist, a CPA and a CEO. What happened?"

“I mentioned oligonucleotide synthesis and was home by midnight, alone in my own bed.”

“Exactly, and what is Slumber Party’s rule number four?”

“No shop talk. Never tell your lover what you do for a living.”

“What does Dr. Miller, workaholic, research chemist need?”

“An occasional lover. A man who wants what I want,” Jane smiled. “Glorious sex with no complications.”

\* \* \* \* \*

A tingle of anticipation began at the base of Jane’s skull and worked its way down her spine. Nearing her destination, she drove along the one-lane road threading through the forest. She hadn’t seen a building since she left the paved highway. The sun was shining brightly, throwing patches of light and heat through the branches of oaks and the taller redwoods.

A cabin appeared through the trees. She parked the rental car in a flat graveled space delineated by cut logs. Following instructions, Jane tucked her small purse with her driver's license, credit cards and other identifying information in the glove box. After locking the car, another one of Slumber Party’s mandatory rules, Jane shouldered her overnight bag and walked along a stone path to the isolated cabin. Beneath a covered porch, a padded chaise lounge and matching chair tempted one to sit and relax.

Inside, a cozy country atmosphere without the chintz and ruffles, greeted her. Overstuffed furniture was arranged before a fireplace. A wooden table with four chairs, tucked into a corner, filled the open floor plan. A counter separated the kitchen and living area. As promised, not a phone, television or computer intruded upon the romantic setting.

A basket filled with an assortment of crackers and breads decorated the counter. Several bottles of wine were cradled in a wrought iron rack nearby. Jane lifted the lid from an attractive ceramic bowl. Condoms in various styles and colors filled the vessel.

Eyeing the padded stools before the sturdy counter, Jane considered the possibilities. Smiling, she replaced the lid.

Having arrived before her mystery lover, Jane explored the cabin. A faux fur rug lay before the fireplace. Jane ran her hand through the soft fur. Her sex flexed in anticipation.

Another bowl, brass with an attached lid, sat on the corner of the brick hearth. Reaching in, Jane let the foil packages fall through her fingers. SP left nothing to chance.

There were two bedrooms, one a near duplicate of the other. Jane chose the one to her right. A king-sized bed, covered in a patterned quilt, dominated the room. A chest-of-drawers stood beside an overstuffed chair and reading lamp. After dropping her overnight bag on the bed, Jane opened the drawer of the bedside table. More colorful foil packets lay within easy reach of eager lovers. Shaking her head, Jane entered the spacious bathroom.

A roomy shower stall with curiously high safety handgrips caught Jane's eye. A handy, plastic container filled with foil packets sat on a soap ledge. When Jane noticed a ceramic bowl on the sink counter and another on the rim of the huge tub, she didn't bother to peek inside.

Jane's imagination stirred. Would *he* watch her bathe? Or would he join her? After they bathed, would he go down on her? Give her a glorious climax before he fucked her? Would he want her to suck his cock? Oh God. Licking her lips, Jane headed for the kitchen and the wine.

A glass of red wine in hand, Jane took a seat on the porch lounge to await her mystery lover. "Summer" would be naked in the bath, Jane thought, as she sipped the wine. "Summer" would allow her lover to discover her there, slick and soapy, with a convenient bowl of condoms at her elbow. Perhaps the setting would dispense with the awkward first meeting, the exchange of names. Instead they'd kiss, fondle, make love and leave the introductions for pillow talk.



About to rise, pour her bath and slip into her sensual character, Jane spotted a dark sedan rolling along the drive.

Her lover had arrived. *Forget Jane. You're Summer.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. J.D. Bartholomew IV drove slowly down the country lane, but his mind raced. What had possessed him to join Slumber Party? The name alone was enough to make him wince.

Sex, plain and simple: The need of it, the want of it. The many months without it had driven him to try SP.

J.D. spotted the cabin. His hands gripped the steering wheel. Uncomplicated sex with a willing female who loved oral sex! Thank God! Lust-filled hours of carnal pleasure with someone who'd love his tongue in her pussy, and want his cock in her mouth.

He parked the sedan next to an identical model, except for the color. Mindful of the rules, J.D. locked the rental car, leaving his identity, company and research behind. Overnight bag in hand, he approached the cabin.

She rose from a lounge, her movements slow and hesitant. When he noticed her country casual style, a kernel of disappointment curled in his middle, but quickly dissolved. She wasn't a hooker, but he'd hoped for a show of cleavage instead of a baggy white sweater and jeans. He'd wanted heels, not hiking boots. Next time he spoke with Ellen, he'd be more specific.

Instantly, he chided himself. So his mystery woman hadn't greeted him in a filmy negligee, he hadn't worn animal print underwear either. What if she was disappointed?

She started to turn away, paused to study her boots. Her hair obscured her face.

"Hi." He sounded like a schoolboy and felt like a dork.

She folded her arms in front of her middle. "I'm Summer."

Winter would fit her better. She looked like a librarian with her sensible haircut, strong fingers and short, clean nails.

"I'm—"

She raised her head and looked him right in the eye.

"I'm—"

His words caught in his throat. Her skin was flawless, her face arresting, and her eyes were gray, cool and assessing.

"Disappointed," she said, taking him to task.

Her hair caught the light as she turned and walked inside. Knowing he had stumbled and eager to make amends, J.D. followed. No wonder he'd had one relationship in the last three years. Damn. Summer was direct. He liked that trait in women. She didn't wear lipstick. He liked that, too.

"This is awkward," he admitted.

"It doesn't have to be." She offered him a glass of wine. "There are two bedrooms. Rule number six, you can leave at midnight, but without a watch or clock you'll have to guess."

Like hell! Dropping his overnight bag, he reached for the wine. He'd come this far and he was getting laid. "Let's start over. Hi, I'm Dan."

"You could make a fire, Dan."

Something to do with his hands! Make a fire. He could handle that. Searching for matches, he lifted the lid of a brass bowl and resisted the urge to throw back his head and howl.

Lighting the fire, Dan glanced at Summer. She was here for the same reason as he. *So why not just scoop her in your arms and carry her to bed?*

Why did he feel so uncertain? Summer had bought the same package, a night of sex. Fucking, lovemaking, perhaps a little romance and if Ellen had fulfilled his request: Oral sex.

Hadn't Summer paid good money to spend the night with a stranger, fucking her brains out? Was she waiting for him to make a move? Did she expect him to plunge right in?

He ached to hold a woman in his arms. He needed to kiss and fondle soft female flesh, Summer's flesh. Just thinking about her naked made his cock stretch. Should he ask permission or simply take her in his arms?

Finally, the kindling caught. Time to make a move. J.D chugged his glass of wine.

Summer thinks you are "Dan", her mystery lover. Maybe she'll scream when she comes. J.D. wanted a woman to scream his name as she came. God, how he wanted that!

J.D. crossed the room and opened a new bottle of wine. While he'd been lighting the fire, the first bottle had disappeared along with Summer. Good, maybe a warm glow in Summer's belly would ease the way.

Wine bottle and glass in hand, he strolled toward the bedroom. Two doors were open and both rooms unoccupied. A splash of water drew him to the bathroom.

She lounged in a deep oval tub, sipping wine. Lifting one shapely leg, she propped it on the rim in invitation. Her skin glistened amid bubbles and steam. Her hair, wet and slicked back, accentuated the fineness of her bone structure.

*Beautiful, naked and wet!*

She leaned forward and held out her wineglass in need of a refill. Her breasts would fill his hands, perfectly. Her nipples were rose colored and plump from the warm bath. His mouth watered at the thought of suckling them to hard points. Suds sliding down her slender arms and over her breasts, she held her glass toward him.

Stripped of her baggy clothes, a Venus had emerged, naked and striking.

His heart thrummed against his chest and need, deep and aching, pierced his loins.

Her gaze slid over him and paused on the rock-hard erection stretching his jeans. Her eyes glowed, fire in ice, burning with need and want. Images of them coupling

appeared in his mind, pounded at his heart. Would she like oral sex? He wanted to taste her, flick his tongue on her clit, over and over, fast and slow. Feel her shiver and surrender. He wanted her to orgasm, again and again.

Dan refilled their wineglasses, setting the bottle within easy reach. Once they joined, the awkwardness would dissolve into lust and need.

"Room in there for two?"

He'd asked permission, hadn't assumed she was his for the taking despite the circumstances. His blue eyes were framed with long, raven lashes that any woman would kill for, yet his features were strong and masculine. Summer slapped the water with her foot. Grinning, Dan tore at his clothes, tossing shoes, socks, shirt, slacks and briefs in an untidy pile. She couldn't recall the last time a man had stripped before her in such haste.

He was lean and well proportioned. Her lover stepped into the tub. Hard and ready, his cock tipped skyward. Even if she wasn't his dream date, his cock was locked and loaded. Summer intended to take advantage of each hard inch of it.

He sank into the tub. Their legs tangled in the slick water. Facing her, he slicked back his short, dark hair with his fingers and leaned against the sloped rim.

"Lemon?"

His foot moved along her thigh. She'd chosen lemon bubble bath over strawberries. "You like it?"

Picking up his wineglass, he smiled. "I like it."

"Tell me, what else do you like?"

He leveled a, you're-not-asking-what-I-think-you're-asking, look at her.

"We're here for pleasure, Dan. I want to know what pleases you."

\* \* \* \* \*

Setting aside his wine, Dan leaned forward, his gaze fastened to hers. Without breaking eye contact, he took her glass and placed it precisely beside his. He touched a fingertip to her cheek, traced the line of her jaw and slid his fingers into her wet hair. Cupping her head, he drew her close. Her heart pounded, fire burned in her veins. Their lips met.

His movements were tender, direct and deliberate. He teased, tasted, tantalized, exploring her mouth, taking his time, making the first kiss magic. He changed the angle, deepened the kiss. He cupped her breast. Summer forgot to breathe. The sweet pulse of need pooled between her legs. She touched his chest, her fingers playing over his smooth skin, his flat nipples.

Heat, wonderful and exciting, filled her. She wanted and he wanted. His tongue moved inside her mouth and she suckled it, letting him know how she would hold him inside, hot and tight. He groaned, shifted his weight, bringing her to him, pressing her breasts tight to his chest.

"This pleases me," he whispered.

Nestled between his legs, his hard cock promised a night of pleasure. Locking her hand around his neck, Summer kissed him. Unlike the first, this kiss demanded his heat, his touch. A prelude to joining, to satisfying one another's needs and wants. Slick and wet, skin-to-skin, Summer learned the hollows and curves of his body, and by example invited him to explore, to touch, to fondle.

She slid against him, teasing the hard length of him, aching for him to fill her. Understanding her need, Dan lifted her from him. Within seconds they were standing in the spacious shower rinsing beneath a hot spray. When Dan took her in his arms and guided her back against the shower wall, Summer understood the use of the hand grips. She reached up, wrapped her fingers around the stainless steel and lifted her legs. Dan held her by the buttocks trailing kisses along her neck down to her breasts. His mouth covered a nipple. He suckled, tugging on her needy flesh. His grinding hips pressed the hard ridge of his cock against her quivering sex. She ached, wanting more, wanting him

inside. She arched, rolling her clit on him, and surrendered. When she cried out, he lifted his head. His eyes blazed hot and passionate. A smile curled his lips.

"Don't move."

She couldn't. All she could do was hold on while he retrieved a condom from the convenient holder and slipped it on with maniacal efficiency. Instead of plunging into her, he kneeled and positioned her legs over his shoulders.

"I need to taste you."

Her grip tightened at the touch of his tongue. He licked, running the tip of his tongue between her labia, thrusting into her center over and over. Flicking her clit with the tip of his tongue, he drove her wild. When his lips fastened onto her aroused bud, he suckled. Firecracker fast, she burst. Sharp and fierce, a numbing climax ripped through her. Again, she cried out. The aftermath, a sensation somewhere between intense pleasure and near pain thrummed between her legs while warm water gently pummeled her breasts and belly. Dan kneaded her buttocks, caressed her thighs. His fingertips played over her tingling sex, touching and probing, preparing her for penetration.

She'd barely caught a breath when he kissed her. A devouring kiss with the taste of her on his tongue, heated her all over again. Lifting her legs around his waist, Dan slid slowly, so slowly into her, stretching her to take him deep inside. Hot, silky friction, slow thrusts transformed into deep, hungry mating. She shuddered, breaking into a thousand tiny bursts. He arched, plunged deep and held her. Time suspended. Her body screamed in pure pleasure.

Dan leaned against her, until both their heart rates subsided and the shower turned cold.

Laughing, they scrambled out of the shower.

"I guess we exhausted the hot water." After disposing of the condom, he snaked an arm about her waist. Together, they headed for the bedroom. "It's time to work on something else."

"What would that be?"

He guided her to the bed, sitting down beside her.

"My cock." He pulled open a drawer in the bedside table. Inside was an amazing array of condoms. "This time, I'll let you choose."

She chose a ribbed one in blue.

"You like your men colorful."

Summer gave him a sexy grin, slid along his body and licked the tip of his flaccid cock. "I like my man hard."

"Then make me very, very hard."

Sensual pleasure hummed in her veins as she suckled him. She loved the feel of him, the feel of his cock coming to life in her mouth. Smooth silk over steel, responding to her tongue, her lips. When she ran the tip of her tongue along the underside, he groaned. His hand cupped the back of her neck, kneading in response. Back and forth in slow consuming strokes, she took the length of him in her mouth. He shuddered.

She sheathed him, working his hard flesh with her fingers. She straddled his thighs, inviting him to fill her. He held her hips, guiding her to accept him. She moved slowly, stroking him, pulling and clutching. Then she rode him, loving the fierce look in his eyes, the penetration of his heat and length, the feel of her breasts bouncing, his fingers digging into her buttocks, holding her fast.

Shameless and wild, she fucked him. She pounded his cock with her sex, until tremors consumed her. Beneath her, he arched, drove his cock deeper.

Staring into one another's eyes, they climaxed.

Locked together, they stilled.

Summer could swear in that moment something more than ecstasy passed between them. They'd touched one another on a deeper level and each had found a sensual soulmate. She could make any request of Dan. Touch here. Do this. Can we try this?

Like her, Dan wanted more than a quick fuck, easily dismissed. He took the time and made the effort to lick her, suckle her, arouse her then bring her to orgasm before finding his own pleasure. Maybe it was that same perfection that drove Jane relentlessly in her research that would drive Summer in her sensual journey. She leaned down and kissed him. A soulful searching kiss that asked: How far can we take this?

His answer was to roll her onto her side, hold her tight and deepen the kiss. Although his sated cock slid from her body, Dan cupped her breasts, filling his palms, touching her not to arouse, but to appreciate.

The kiss ended in several short meetings of their lips. "I wish I was hard. I still want you."

Satisfied, her eyes drifted closed. Tucked against Dan's chest, Summer slept.

J.D. awoke and smiled. Usually, a painful nocturnal hard-on reminded him of his empty sex life, but tonight his cock lay limp and satisfied. Good wine and great sex had given him a monster thirst. He reached out and touched Summer's bare arm. When she didn't stir, J.D. quietly rose from the bed. He and Summer had chosen sex over nourishment. His stomach growled in protest.

He discovered a basket filled with rolls and breads on the kitchen counter and a tray of cold cuts and cheese in the refrigerator. While he enjoyed a sandwich, J.D. thought about the naked woman waiting for him in bed.

All his reservations about Slumber Party had vanished. Summer was a delight and although it was against the rules to discuss it with her, J.D. had every intention of calling SP and requesting another night. The sooner, the better!

Just thinking of another perfect night of lovemaking, of feeling Summer shudder beneath him, stirred his cock. She'd squirmed with pleasure when he'd gone down on her. Having brought her to climax with his mouth made him heady. Having her climax twice while he was deep inside her was nothing less than amazing.



J.D. couldn't recall when sex had ever been so good. Summer knew him. She understood what he liked, instinctively used the exact amount of pressure, knew when to speed up and when to slow down. And when she took him in her mouth...heaven!

His alter ego, Dan, was definitely the better lover. Or was Summer an amazing one-of-a-kind woman?

Picking up a second bottle of water, Dan headed for the bedroom and Summer. By the time he reached her, he was rock hard and ready.

She stirred and rose to her knees. He offered her water. Summer drank then covered him with her mouth. The sensation of coolness, then heat brought him near climax. When she cupped her hand around his balls, he had to steady himself. Fondling his balls, she suckled him, tighter and faster. His knees went weak. He hovered near climax and started to withdraw. She held him tighter, drew him deeper until he spurted hot and thick in her lush mouth.

Momentarily drained, Dan dropped to the bed and leaned back against the headboard. Summer wasn't one to let him rest. She kissed him, letting him taste the saltiness of his semen on her tongue and lips. She climbed on top of him, a knee on either side of his torso, and guided a breast to his mouth.

He licked, nipped and sucked until her nipples were swollen. She thrust her hips, over-and-over, rubbing her wet pussy against his belly. Dan liked her assertive nature. Come tomorrow, he'd miss her. Reaching down, he touched her clit with the pad of his thumb. He slid a finger inside. Wet and hot, she pumped her hips, arched and came.

Dan touched his wet fingers to her mouth. She licked her cream from his fingers and suckled his thumb. Then he kissed her, hard and deep. The mingling of their mating juices bonded them.

Eager to take their lovemaking to a new level, Dan rolled Summer over and onto her knees. Condom in place, he kneeled behind her.

He slid a finger inside of her. "Do you like it this way?"

She thrust her buttocks toward him. His finger slid deeper.

"Make me wet."

Before entering her, Dan licked her slit, teasing her soft flesh, making her pussy wet and hot, ready to receive him. He needed her to enjoy every position, every penetration.

Holding her by the hips, he eased inside, stroking her walls, tempering her passage until she was slick. Perspiration beading his forehead, Dan measured his penetration. Slow and deep he loved her, while teasing her taut nipples. He licked his fingers and smoothed back her soft curls. When he touched the pad of his forefinger to her clit, she cried out. He drove deeper. Each stroke sent tremors throughout her body, tensed every muscle, made his balls hum and tighten.

Increasing the pace, Dan loved the feel of his balls slapping her wet sex. With every thrust her muscles squeezed him, drawing him tight, then released him as he slid in and out, spiraling toward orgasmic rapture.

Thrusting deep, he arched, his semen pumping hot.

He licked his fingers and massaged her clit. With a gentle

but rapid motion, he teased her swollen flesh until she cried out his name.

Together, they sank to the bed.

"How many times does that make?"

"I don't know," he managed, gasping for air. "I just know I can't get enough of you and morning is coming far too soon."

\* \* \* \* \*

Sunlight stabbed through the bedroom skylight into Jane's eyes. The brilliance drew her from a contented sleep. Satisfaction cloaked her like a second skin. A little tenderness between the legs reminded Jane she'd had quite a workout.

Beside her, Dan slept on his stomach, one arm flung over the edge. Jane slipped out of bed and into the shower before she destroyed last night's fantasy with morning mouth, bleary eyes and a hairstyle worthy of a grunge band member. If Dan had

appeared worn out and ten years older perhaps she would have asked for a quickie, but he had the audacity to look delicious. Every short hair in place, his face relaxed and youthful, his sleek-muscled frame invited more physical pleasure.

Dressed in jeans and a fleece top to combat the morning chill, Jane made coffee. As she arranged cut fruit and muffins, she heard the shower running. She'd barely poured the coffee when Dan appeared wearing jeans and a tee shirt.

Instead of making a beeline for the coffee, he embraced her.

"Morning has come too quickly," he said, planting sweet, tender kisses on her lips and face. "I wish we could stay."

But that was impossible. It was time to say goodbye. The rules demanded they leave upon waking, at least an hour apart.

"I should go."

"One cup of coffee, before we say goodbye." He picked up the coffee she had poured for him and took a sip. "Great coffee. Just the way I like it."

Wrapping an arm about her waist, he led her to the sofa. He tucked his back against one corner and hers against his torso.

When she imagined the ending, Jane figured her lover would rise, give her a kiss on the cheek and leave. Once the sex was over, men disassociated. At least the two men she'd had sex with did. Dan cuddled.

She could fall for this guy.

"I enjoyed last night." His hand caressed her shoulder. "Very much."

"So did I."

"I know this is foolish to ask...but I...did I satisfy you?"

Summer turned to face him. Was it possible? Did Dan have doubts? Or did he just need his ego stroked? His eyes told her his question had nothing to do with ego. She touched her palm to his cheek. "I've never had so many wonderful orgasms. Ever."

"Let's break the rules. One more time, Summer. Are you game?"

“A quickie. One for the road?”

Dan laughed. “Yes, here on the rug. I think I’d like driving home with your scent on my skin.”

She glanced at the fireplace. “There’s no fire.”

He grasped her hand. “There’s fire.”

Through his jeans his cock strained, long and hard. Summer pulled off her fleece top.

Dan latched onto a bare breast and suckled deeply. Heat raced from her nipple, slicing through her, pooling between her legs. Summer reached for his belt buckle, then his zipper. His cock sprang free, hot and hard, into her eager hand. She pumped him. He groaned against her breast.

Simultaneously, they tore at their clothing until they stood naked facing one another. Summer moved to the fur rug and dropped to her knees.

“If we’re going to break the rules, let’s do it right.”

In two strides, he stood before her. Summer licked the broad head of his cock.

His hand cupped her head. His fingers slid into her hair. “Suck me.”

Taking him in her mouth, Summer tugged on his cock, sliding her lips up and down his hard flesh.

“Suck my balls.”

She licked a trail along his length to the root of his cock. Gently, she ran her tongue over his tight sac. Tenderly, she drew him in and suckled.

Beneath her fingers, the muscles in his legs tensed. “Oh, God.”

Using the pad of her forefinger, she caressed the root of him, rubbing the smooth skin between his legs until his hands fisted in her hair.

“I’m going to come.”

She released him, turning her attention to his thick cock. Caressing, tugging at his length, Summer brought him to a quick climax.

He sank to his knees. Perspiration beaded his forehead. "You have no idea what you do to me. Fuck the rules, come home with me."

Summer kissed him, giving him a brief taste of his climax. Together, they stretched out on the thick, faux fur rug. She wiggled her bare butt on the fur.

"Feels good?"

Rolling over, Summer rubbed her breasts against the fur. "I think I'll buy one, roll around on it, and masturbate."

Dan chuckled. He wrapped an arm about her waist and coaxed her to face him. "I like this."

Summer wanted a definition of "this". "You like sex?"

"Yeah, especially with you. I like being naked with you, feeling you, touching you, looking at you."

"Naked?"

"You're sensual and willing and fun. I've never been so at ease with a partner."

She reached up, stroked his cheek, and ran her fingers through the short strands of his hair. She enjoyed touching him, snuggling with him. "I like this, too."

"Do you enjoy sucking my cock?"

His question took her by surprise.

"After what we – you just did, it sounds crazy. I need to know if you enjoyed it, that you feel as much pleasure as you give me."

"When I described my perfect lover, I asked for oral sex. I like the feel of your naked cock in my mouth. Sucking you makes me hot."

He smiled and held her tight.

"Going down on you drives me wild. You're the woman of my dreams."

Dan chose an erotic path to validate his words. He licked her neck, sucking lightly. He kissed a slow trail to her breasts, suckling each nipple to a tight bud, tugging on her breasts until her nipples were swollen and wonderfully achy.

Licking, nipping and sucking, he moved down her belly. Ready and pulsing, Summer reached for his cock. She stroked him, urging him with her body, pleading with her eyes.

Dan ignored her pleas. Kneeling between her legs, he spread her labia.

She cried out at the touch of his tongue. Her flesh trembled with each brush of his lips, each stroke of his tongue. He concentrated on every curve and hollow until she ached for more. Her sex fluttered with each caress. He thrust his tongue inside of her, making her wet and needy. She grabbed the short strands of his hair, lifted her hips to meet his eager tongue. He suckled her clit, gently at first, slowly increasing the pressure and tempo. When she climaxed, she whispered his name.

He lifted his head and blew gently on her heated flesh until she ceased to tremble.

Still kneeling between her legs, he sheathed his straining cock. Summer reached for him, eager to feel him deep inside.

He guided her onto her stomach. Slowly, he entered her from behind, each measured thrust pressing her into the soft fur.

The fur teased her breasts and mons adding a new, erotic sensation. She tightened and released, squeezing him in a slow, erotic rhythm.

Despite the building desire to climax, to touch ecstasy, Dan held back. He caressed the sides of her breasts, slid his hands along the shape of her torso to her hips, her velvet smooth skin a tactile sensation. Summer's pussy flexed. He strained, barely controlling his urges, resisting the powerful pull of her undulations. Like a siren, she drew him into a sensual bonding, guided him to profound pleasure. Her sensuality overwhelmed him.

Her sighs joined his. His balls hummed with each deep penetration into her heat.

A subtle arch of her hips conveyed her need. He pushed deeper. His heart hammered, thumping hard against his chest. When she cried out and clamped down on his cock, his climax wrenched free, spilling into the thin latex layer separating them.

Exhausted and gulping air, Dan collapsed against Summer's soft body. He wished he could remain hard. Stay inside her tight pussy, forever.

"I didn't believe anything could be better than last night. I was so damn horny." He kissed her shoulder. "For the record, I requested oral sex. I love going down on you. I love it when you suck me. I love fucking you."

"I love fucking you."

"I've never had my balls sucked before."

"I've never done that before. I'm glad you liked it."

Dan rolled onto his side. He stroked her hair. "Liked it? I wish we had another night together."

She levered onto her side, leaned toward him, brushing her lips against his. "It's time to go."

She rose to dress. She didn't rush into the shower to wash his sweat or his semen from her body. She left the scent of sex, the essence of him on her skin and on her tongue. That pleased him. He wanted her to think of him beyond this moment.

Getting to his feet, Dan gathered a fully dressed Summer into his arms. She held him tight as they kissed. A wet, deep kiss, fragrant with pleasure: her pussy, his come mingling. The parting kiss of one-night lovers?

She clung to him briefly. "It's time."

He reached for his jeans. "Wait, I'll walk you to your car."

She shook her head. At the front door, she paused, "Have a cup of coffee. Easier that way."

Dan sucked in a breath. He wanted to chase after her, demand her phone number, address, any means to contact her, but understood Summer had broken all the rules she intended. The car engine caught, tires crunched on the gravel driveway, leaving Dan behind.

He'd struck gold for a few amazing hours. Did anonymity heighten the pleasure by freeing him to pursue his own needs and explore those of his partner? Or was Summer the woman he'd searched for all of his adult life?

J.D. didn't care what price Ellen would demand, he needed another amazing night with Summer.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It's only been a week," Nina reminded. "If you want to see Dan again, call Ellen."

"I spoke with Ellen on Monday. She asked if I was satisfied with SP's service. I told her I was more than satisfied. I gave Dan a five-star rating. End of conversation."

"So, call her and request him. Old fashioned dating rules don't apply."

"I want him to ask for me. I realize how foolish that sounds." Jane imagined Dan with a blonde, complete with implants. Why had she chosen a silly name like Summer? "What if he's spending tonight with Spring?"

"There's always Autumn and Winter."

Jane picked up her wine glass. "Not funny."

"What if he's working? Maybe he travels. Maybe he likes to fish. Right now he could be camping out with a bunch of guys across the lake from Joe."

Despite Nina's options, Jane understood the premise of Slumber Party and chose the most likely reason. "Maybe he only wanted one night."

"Either call Ellen, or give him a couple of weeks."

"If he doesn't ask for me again, I'll live."

"When you came home, you were walking on air. He'll ask for you again."

Jane had walked on air for days, but when Friday came and Ellen hadn't called, reality began to settle in. Men like variety. Maybe Dan would work his way back to her? Yeah, right!



“When he first saw me, he was disappointed. I wasn’t what he expected or wanted. I know I wasn’t his perfect date.”

Nina refilled their wineglasses. “How did you two...”

“I figured he came for sex. I slipped into a bubble bath. Few men will turn down a willing, naked woman.”

“But the two of you really connected. I recall someone gloating about multiple orgasms.”

“We connected because we both like oral sex. Both of us had requested a partner who enjoyed oral sex.”

“Sounds to me like he got exactly what he wanted. Call Ellen. If Dan’s unavailable, she can match you up with someone else.”

“That’s the problem. I don’t want someone else.”

\* \* \* \* \*

By Thursday, Jane had given up on Dan. Finding a message from Ellen on her answering machine that evening came as a complete shock. Excitement bubbling inside, she punched in Ellen’s number.

“I’m sorry to contact you so late in the week, but are you free Saturday night?”

Jane’s heart pounded. “Yes. Same place, same time?”

“How about a lodge overlooking a lake?”

“With Dan?”

“When you joined Slumber Party, you asked for different experiences.”

Experiences meant partners. Jane had specified different lovers. “I know, but—I’d like to request Dan. I’m willing to wait for a free weekend.”

There, she’d said it. She’d thrown her pride right out the window.

“You’re sure about this request? Clients often find the second time is less thrilling.”

“Odds are, you’re speaking of male clients.”

“Frankly, yes. Men prefer the excitement of a new partner.”

Jane’s grip tightened on the receiver. “If you’re telling me Dan hasn’t requested a repeat performance, I’d prefer to forego this weekend.”

“You’d choose the same partner rather than participate in a new experience?”

“Yes.” When Ellen didn’t respond, Jane repeated her answer. “Absolutely, yes.”

“Same time, same place. Enjoy your weekend.”

“Ellen, did he ask for me?”

“He asked for Summer.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Excitement building with each mile, Jane squirmed in anticipation when she spotted a vehicle parked next to the cabin. Instead of a non-descript rental, the car was a sleek, jet-black Jaguar. Could this be Dan’s personal car? The real Dan?

Ellen’s final words came to mind.

Dan wasn’t expecting Dr. Jane Miller. He waited for Summer; sexual partner extraordinaire, the woman who loved giving head. She could be that woman again. Hell, she was that woman. Summer wasn’t a complete fabrication. The sensual part of Jane lived through Summer.

Hadn’t Jane purchased skimpy black, silk panties with a matching camisole and left her bra at home? She parked the car. The front door opened and Dan stepped onto the porch.

Who is he? How does he spend his days? His nights? Did he care at all about the real woman or only about Summer? Why did he break the rules and drive a Jag instead of a rental?

Dressed in a black polo and sand-colored chinos, her mystery lover rushed down the front steps.

As long as he wanted her, did the real world matter?

Enclosed in his arms, Summer answered his eager, consuming kiss. He slid his hands beneath her cotton pullover, touching her breasts and nipples through the slick silk.

He hugged her tight, lifting her off her feet. "Damn, you feel good."

Arms wrapped about one another, they hurried inside. A cheery fire burned in the fireplace and an open bottle of champagne and two flutes sat on the coffee table.

He poured and offered Jane a glass. "I missed you."

She touched her glass to his and drank. She wanted to ask him about last weekend, why he'd taken so long to request another night. "I missed you."

Taking her hand, he urged her to join him on the sofa. After a long moment, he said, "I wanted to begin where we left off."

His arm curled about her shoulder. "On the rug, before the fire?"

"That rug holds great memories, but I'd thought we'd start with a little conversation. Get to know each other." He caressed her shoulder, held her close. "We didn't do much talking."

Summer placed her empty flute onto the coffee table. For days she'd tried to dismiss her desire to see him, to rationalize her need to hold him. She caressed his smooth cheek, slid her fingers through the short strands of his hair. "You don't want to make love?"

He sat his glass down on the end table and pulled her into his arms. "I want you." He rained kisses on her face. To emphasize his point, he placed her hand on his erection. "I've been hard for hours, days."

She climbed onto his lap. "Let's prioritize our needs."

He reached for the hem of her top, drawing it over her head to reveal the black silk camisole. "I need you."

Her breath caught at the touch of his lips to her breast. He suckled, creating an erotic friction of lips, mouth and wet silk. Her nipple beaded to a hard, aching point. Heat seared through her middle, burned between her legs, dampening her silk panties.

Needing skin-to-skin contact, Summer unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants, pulled on his shirttail. Releasing her breast, Dan removed his polo in one fluid movement. Beneath her fingers, his chest swelled.

Rolling her to one side, he reached for her shoes. When she started to assist, he pushed her hand away. "I want to undress you."

He made quick work of her walking shoes and socks. Using his thumbs and slow, deep strokes, he massaged her instep.

Summer groaned in pleasure. Dan kissed her instep, repeating the massage with his tongue.

"I intend to kiss every inch of you tonight," he warned. He unbuttoned her jeans and pulled them off leaving her in the skimpy black panties and silk camisole.

"Oh God. You look good enough to eat."

His grin warmed Summer's heart. "My turn," she said, before sliding off the sofa. After divesting him of his loafers, socks, pants and bun-hugging briefs, Summer led him to the fur rug and kneeled.

Stark naked, handsome and gloriously erect, he stood before her.

"I intend to kiss every inch of you, tonight," she said, repeating his warning.

When she took him in her mouth, he groaned. "Ahhhhhhh. You're amazing."

She suckled, withdrawing and releasing him, working his length in a slow, exquisite combination of mouth, lips, tongue, and touch. Tenderly, she suckled his balls.

"So good, so good."

She released his balls and licked his cock. With each lick, his cock throbbed hot and hard. His reaction, his pleasure, excited Summer to take all of him in her mouth. She suckled, her mouth and fingers stroking him, faster, deeper, until his hands fisted in her

hair communicating his need to release. Summer cupped his balls, fondling the tight sac for his ultimate pleasure. His climax came in short, hot spurts.

When his fingers relaxed and his thigh muscles ceased trembling, Summer released him. Smiling, Dan dropped to his knees.

His chest heaved with each intake of breath. For a moment he stared at her, his blue eyes sparkling, a grin still touching the corners of his mouth.

"I know you enjoy it. I know you do it for me. You want to please me. I can't tell you what that means to me. I can only show you."

He drew her close, their bodies touching chest to thigh, then kissed her. His lips moved gently over hers. His tongue explored, moving against her. His hands cupped her head and his thumbs caressed the column of her neck.

Dan had kissed her before, wild mating of lips and tongue, the hot kiss of an eager lover, but this kiss spoke of something deeper. Racing, Summer's heart skipped a beat. She poured her need of him into her response, savoring his taste, the gentle probe of his tongue, and their new level of communication.

His lips drifted to her neck. "I want this to continue."

He nuzzled and licked. "What are you saying, Dan?"

"I don't want to say goodbye tomorrow."

Wrenched from Summer's fantasy, Jane pulled back and locked gazes with him. "What are you saying, Dan?"

"My name isn't Dan. Well, it's my middle name. Daniel, that is. My friends call me J.D."

"J.D."

"Jonathan Daniel," he said his name slowly.

"I'm Jane."

He smiled, his expression a mixture of pleasure and relief. "Let's make love, Jane."

Slanting his head, he kissed her. He explored her body with his hands, touching her as if for the first time. Her skin tingling with each stroke, each playful probe and squeeze. Cupping her buttocks, he held her tight against him. Her breasts ached and her womb contracted. Need, hot and heavy, coursed through her.

After removing her camisole, he eased her onto her back. He knelt between her bent thighs. Her chest heaved in anticipation. Slowly, he traced a wet path from her mouth to her breasts, teasing her with the tip of his tongue. Drawing a nipple deep into his mouth, he suckled deeply. Jane dug her fingers into his shoulder, lifting her hips in urgent demand.

He traced a wet trail until his lips touched her already damp silk panties. Hot tongue on wet silk, he found her clit. She gasped. He suckled.

She quivered at the gentle touch of his fingers, sliding over the wet silk, caressing her heated flesh, and teasing her aching clit. He slid his fingers beneath the silk, dipping inside her slick channel. Hips pumping, Jane climaxed.

J.D. withdrew his fingers and sucked her essence from them.

He brushed his lips to hers. "I love the taste of you. I need to see you."

He slid his fingers beneath the thin straps of silk on her hips and pulled until the material shredded in his hands. "I'll buy new ones just for the pleasure of tearing them off you."

His gaze settled between her legs, focused on her exposed sex. "You have the sweetest pussy."

He lowered his mouth to her, drawing her still swollen labia between his lips. He kissed her sex tenderly, making love as he suckled and licked. Reaching up, he cupped her breasts, squeezing and fondling, flicking her taut nipples with his thumbs. When he suckled her clit, Jane lifted her hips, urging, needing, demanding more. He captured her nipples between his thumb and forefinger, rolling them until her flesh screamed in ecstasy.

Sex still quivering, Jane inhaled deeply. The scent of sex, the heat of climax surrounded them.

After giving her sex a slow, loving lick, J.D. kneeled between her legs, his engorged cock erect and ready to fill her. Jane retrieved a condom from the convenient brass bowl and tore open the foil. Placing the condom between her lips, Jane covered the broad head of J.D.'s cock. Using her lips and mouth, working her way along his swollen length, she sheathed him.

"Damn, that's sexy."

Sitting back, he stretched out his long legs. "I want to look at you, kiss you, suck you, fuck you." He drew her onto his lap. "You drive me crazy."

Straddling his groin, Jane lowered herself onto his cock. Rocking her hips, she took him inside inch-by-inch, squeezing him with each plunge and withdrawal. When fully embedded, J.D. stilled her hips.

Cupping her head in his hands, he kissed her. His hands fisted in her hair, Jane's head fell back. He licked her neck. "Your pulse is racing."

Jane arched. When he groaned, she rode him until perspiration beaded his forehead, until he gulped for air, until she had taken them both to the edge. Then she slowed, undulating her hips along his hard length. Leaning forward, she offered her breast. His hot, wet mouth encircled her nipple, drawing on her flesh.

She clenched and released, pulling mercilessly on his cock until the heat, the delicious pressure exploded.

He gathered her close, held her so tight she could barely breathe. His chest lifted to draw a deep breath, then sagged against her breasts. She brushed her fingers through his damp hair.

"I've never felt like this," he whispered.

Jane pushed him back onto the fur rug. Stretching out alongside, she sighed. "Never?"

“This feels good.” He wrapped an arm about her shoulders and kissed her hair. “You feel good.”

Closing her eyes, Jane rubbed her foot along his muscled calf. Her toes curled around his. “I could get used to this.”

“I intend to get used to this.”

Jane opened her eyes. “Next weekend?”

“Every weekend.”

“I can’t afford Ellen’s prices.”

“We don’t need Slumber Party. I live in a condo, but I’m thinking of buying a house.”

Jane’s heart swelled. She wanted a relationship with J.D. She wanted to know where he lived, worked, everything about him. “You’re inviting me for the weekend?”

“Move in with me, Jane. I’ll buy a house, with a huge tub and a fireplace, and a very soft, very thick rug to fuck on.”

His fingers danced along the curve of her hip, brushed the tight curls between her legs. “I’ll install handles in the shower.”

Jane shifted, propping her weight on one arm. She needed to look into his eyes. “You don’t know a thing about me.”

“I know I think about you, constantly. I wake up hard for you. I’ve never met anyone like you.”

“You waited two weeks.”

He reached up, caressed her arm. He loved her softness. “I called Ellen and left a message on my way home. She forced me to wait.”

“She warned you about the second meeting?”

His finger brushed her responsive nipples. He loved how they puckered beneath his touch. “She did. I called her daily to tell her I hadn’t changed my mind. Finally, she relented.”



“She was testing us.”

“I couldn’t wait to see you again. I feared you’d meet someone else. You’d find another partner.”

His heart skipped a beat in anticipation of her answer.

“Ellen offered, I declined.”

Relief flooded J.D.’s chest. “I know what makes you come. I want to know everything about you.”

“Everything?”

“Where you live, what you do, what you like, your family, everything.”

“I’m single. Divorced, years ago. No children. I live in an apartment with my cat, Zelda. I love Italian food.”

She’d been married. “Any siblings?”

“One, my younger sister, Tricia. She’s married, two kids. While I’m—my mother is positive I’ll disappoint her in the grandbabies department.”

He caressed her belly. “I don’t think you will.”

A slight smile curled her lips. Perhaps, she too wanted something more permanent than weekend sex. He realized she hadn’t offered any information about her occupation. What would Jane think when he told her about his company? Would she consider him a nerd? Biotechnology wasn’t glamorous or sexy or dangerous. He didn’t drive a motorcycle or skydive.

“I’m single. Never married. No children. No pets. I’m self-employed, started my business about five years ago. I wear glasses, to read.”

“So do I.”

Thank God! Maybe she occasionally broke her glasses and resorted to tape for instant repairs. His tension eased, but the condom had become uncomfortable.

Rising, J.D. glanced at his now limp cock. “It’s red. I hadn’t noticed the color.”

Jane grinned. “Remind me to compliment Ellen on her assortment.”

J.D. headed for the bathroom. "I'll be right back."

She called out to him. "Your business, have I heard of it?"

"BioGen."

J.D. disposed of the condom and washed his hands. Jane hadn't responded. Either she hadn't heard of BioGen or she mistakenly imagined his company performed animal testing. Calling out to her, he walked into an empty living room. The front door stood open. Outside, a car door slammed.

J.D. raced out the door and down the stairs, but not before Jane started her car. "Jane? Stop! Jane?"

Ignoring the cold air, J.D. ran toward her yelling her name, telling her to stop, but Jane paid no heed to his shouts or pleas. Her vehicle lurched backward, barely missing him. Without looking at him, Jane drove away.

J.D. jumped into the Jag. He sucked in a breath as his balls hit the cold leather. Turning the key, the engine caught. Thank God he'd left his keys in the ignition! Thank God he'd brought his own vehicle instead of the gutless rental.

The Jag's powerful engine propelled the vehicle over the rough terrain and onto the gravel driveway. Jane had a good lead. He had to stop her. Flooring the accelerator, J.D. chased Jane, catching up with her before she reached the paved roadway. Desperate, he swerved off the gravel road, raced past her compact, sliding the Jag in her path. She struck his car's front fender and stopped.

J.D. shut down the engine, ran to Jane's vehicle and wrenched open the door. He jumped in the passenger seat.

"Are you all right?"

She didn't speak. He grabbed her by the shoulders. "Jane, answer me."

"I'm fine. Not so sure about your fancy car."

J.D. focused on Jane. "Why did you leave? Why?"

"You're J.D. Bartholomew. Dr. Bartholomew of BioGen."

“Yes, I am, but I don’t do animal research, if that’s what you think.”

Jane finally looked at him. “My ex-husband is Karl Hastrom.”

J.D.’s heart pounded against his ribcage. “My God! *You’re* Jane Miller.”

She nodded.

“Karl’s an ass. No wonder you divorced him.”

“He’s your employee.”

J.D. couldn’t believe his luck. The Gods had smiled upon him, again. “Karl quit two weeks ago. The Friday before I met you.”

“He did? Why?”

“Because I refused to make him director of R&D.”

“Good for you. He doesn’t give credit to others. He claims their work as his own.”

J.D. reached out and pushed Jane’s silky hair from her face. “Last week, I left several messages for Dr. Miller on her answering machine. She never called me back. Was Karl the reason?”

“Why did you call?”

“To offer Dr. Miller the position. Will you accept?”

She shook her head.

“But why? You’re perfect for the job. My company needs you, Dr. Miller. And I need you, Jane.”

“It won’t work. I couldn’t concentrate with you around. I’ll want to fuck you during coffee breaks. I’ll want to fuck you after coffee breaks.”

He unfastened her seatbelt and gathered her into his arms. “I’ll want to fuck you at lunch.”

Her silky hair tickled his shoulder. She lifted her head. “We can’t work together. What will your employees think? You’ll be sued for providing an inappropriate environment.”

“Marry me, Jane. I’ll buy a house near the company so we can go home for a quickie and take long lunches.”

“We’ve only known each other for a few hours. I swore I’d never marry any one in my own field again.”

“I wouldn’t offer a V.P. title to just anyone. BioGen did a complete background check on Dr. Jane Miller.”

“You knew who I was that first night? Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I didn’t know *you* were Dr. Miller.”

“But you did a background check?”

“I never request photos. In science, looks aren’t the key to success. BioGen needs the best. Karl never lived up to his resume or his thousand-dollar suits. I made a few calls. Your name was mentioned, more than once. When I learned Karl used your research for his doctorate without giving you credit, then divorced you the moment he had it, I wanted you. I wanted to give you the chance to succeed, to help BioGen succeed.”

“My own department?”

“A whole staff to support you.”

Jane laughed, “He’ll think I took the job to get even.”

“Even?”

“He stole my research, then left me for an eighteen-year-old with the IQ of an ice cube.”

J.D. shivered. His balls were as cold as ice cubes. “Like I said, Karl’s an ass. You’re brilliant, you’re amazing and you’re hot.”

Jane scoffed. “I’ve never been described as hot.”

“Then you’ve been sleeping with fools. I won’t leave you, Jane, ever, but first come back to the cabin with me. I’m freezing my ass off.”

“Seeing you running after me stark naked was unexpected, very sweet and sexy.”

"I had to stop you. Ellen would have never given me your name and I couldn't lose you."

"I'm glad you stopped me. Well, your car did. I should have bought the extra insurance."

Again, J.D. shivered. "I'll take care of it. You'll meet me back at the cabin?"

"How about a hot shower?"

"Let's make it a hot bath. I'll use the time it takes to raise my core temperature to convince you."

"Convince me?"

"First to marry me, then to come to work for me."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Marry me!*

He'd said it so casually. Was he serious?

Leaving J.D. huddled in a blanket near the fire, Jane drew the bath. She added lemon-scented bubble bath.

Although she wanted to accept both of J.D.'s offers, Jane held back. Yes, they were perfect lovers, their occupations were simpatico, but Dr. Bartholomew had neglected the one thing Jane wanted more than sex, more than a job, and more than a new name. J.D. hadn't said one word about love.

She loved J.D. How could she not love a man who chased her down stark naked rather than let her go?

She'd fallen for him the first night when he eagerly let her explore her sexual fantasies and given her multiple orgasms. She'd known it since they had cuddled on the sofa and he'd given her a glimpse of the man behind the lover.

But did J.D. love her? Did great sex and an impressive resume meet all of his needs?

"Bath's ready," she called.

J.D. rushed into the bathroom, threw off the blanket and stepped into the steaming tub. He submerged briefly. After scrubbing the suds from his face, he extended an arm. "Join me, please."

Jane undressed. One thing she did know, J.D. wanted her when she was simply sex-starved "Summer" and he wanted Dr. Miller for BioGen. She'd never worry about J.D. having ulterior motives.

His gaze raked her from head to toe and back again. "You're beautiful. Your skin, your breasts –"

"My pussy?"

"Definitely, your pussy."

Facing him, Jane sank into the scented bath. "You don't have to marry me to enjoy my pussy."

He took her by the hands and pulled her on top of him, chest to chest, heart to heart. The warm water lapped over her back. Her legs tangled with his.

He cupped her face in his hands, his gaze locked on hers, his blue eyes intense. "I want to marry you. I want us to belong to each other, body and soul. I love you."

Jane's heart thumped fast and furious. Her life was about to become complicated, but J.D. was worth it. "I love you too. My answer is yes."

"Yes, you'll marry me or yes, you'll work for me?"

"Can BioGen handle two Dr. Bartholomews?"

"Oh, yeah."

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